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mirror, the very image of its original, and, if it does that, the husband or the wife is sure to be satisfied; if it does not, others may be, but they never can be. The question, then, is, why do others discover a likeness that the wife cannot perceive? I will answer this question by asking another question. How is it that parents rarely discover the resemblance which their children bear to themselves, and to one another? Everybody else may perceive very strong resemblances, but the parents cannot. Why?—because the parents are familiar with all the minute peculiarities and differences: strangers only see the generals: to a stranger, a flock of sheep are all alike—to the shepherd, no two are alike: to a stranger, the likeness of an individual sheep would be the likeness of every one in the flock, but the shepherd would select the sheep represented, if the likeness was good, *but not otherwise*; and so it is with families, there is a family resemblance perceived by strangers, but not perceived by the family. Let the father be represented faithfully, and the wife and children will see him, and him only, in it; but the stranger will perceive, perhaps, something of the whole family in his likeness. The stranger, as it were, stands at a distance, where he perceives the general outlines; the relative stands too near for this—he sees only the details, comparatively.

It is often said, that some portraits are easy to paint, and some difficult; and it is presumed that very marked features are the easiest, but I have found all alike difficult.

It is true that a resemblance may soon be produced in a case of marked features; but a resemblance is not always a likeness. A child may draw a resemblance to a horse, a cat, an elephant, but can he portray the likeness of two individual dogs, cats, or elephants? Now, there are men so distinguished by very marked features from all other men, that they seem to belong to almost distinct races, and such men offer opportunities for *easy portraits*. The most inferior artists can produce resemblances of such men; everybody will say at once, this is meant for General Jackson, General Washington, or, perhaps, Dr. Franklin—and yet the *same degree of resemblance* to some one whose features are not very peculiar would not be recognized by any one.

To conclude, I will add, that no wife who *loves* her husband, will ever fail to perceive a faithful likeness of him, however old and ugly it may appear; and that the artist who can *FAITHFULLY* represent an *easy* likeness, can always, with as good an opportunity, represent equally well, to a wife, a husband, or anybody else a difficult one.

Yours, most truly,
HIRAM POWERS.

WHEN a powerful and enlightened continental monarch, who reigned some centuries ago, saw his courtiers smile at an act of condescension he had just performed towards a great artist, he rebuked them in some such terms as these:—"I could easily make a hundred nobles such as you, but not one painter like him who stands among us."

A TRUE connoisseur is more rare than a good artist. His skill is the result of indirect application: it is acquired amidst other pursuits and divides the attention with other objects; the means of attaining it fall to the lot of few; and still fewer practice it successfully.—*Lanzi*.

LECTURES ON PAINTING.

BY PROF. HART, R.A.

LECTURE III.

THE earliest disciples of the Christian Church sought refuge from Roman intolerance and persecution for the performance of Divine worship according to the tenets of the new religion, and for the means of providing with a lasting resting-place the remains of those who had paid the price of their sincerity with their lives—either in the fastnesses of the subterranean passage or in the abandoned excavations of the quarry. These they made temples for worship, sepulchres for the dead, and asylums for the living. Whether as the secret conventicle in which the zealous were stealthily to assemble for the celebration of their religious rites, or as a receptacle for the bones of martyred men, the walls of these excavations were soon selected as the media on which to give the earliest utterance of the expressions of their faith. The Etrurian idea was caught and applied. The revelation of many of the mysteries and parables set forth on the walls of the funeral chamber corresponding in no mean degree with Pagan ideas, and developing no inconsiderable influence of classic types, will on examination cease to surprise us.

When the pictorial appliance was sought, it is easy to understand that the impressions with which the artistic mind had now been stored—from Pagan building and Pagan statue—would apply the classic taste to the development of the pictured form on the stuccoed wall.

It has been observed with much justice, "that the early Christian artists in seeking for models, had thrown a parting glance on the master-works of antiquity, and had for the last time been guided by the genius of Apelles." No one who has looked at M. Perret's volume on the Catacombs can withhold his assent to this observation.

In this way we are able to account for the expression of the Christian sentiment by the adoption of the heathen form. The artists were compelled to employ an old language, because the new religion then struggling to give utterance to its ideas had neither the power, the means, nor the time to create a new style for its accomplishment. The force of necessity compelled the adoption of the Pagan form; and this may be considered as among the most conclusive proofs of the antiquity of the paintings in the Catacombs. The classic taste that pervades the general character of the designs reveal many varieties of form and condition. It distinguishes between the impassioned oratory conveyed in the simple yet earnest attitudes of the female saints, and between the dignity of manhood or the beauty of youth displayed in the several versions of the favorite subject—the Good Shepherd; it also discriminates between the symbolic or emblematic presentments of Noah sending forth the Dove—the Three Holy Children in the Fiery Furnace—Daniel in the Lions' Den—or the figure of Moses striking the Rock. A superb example of the last-named subject, which is in the Cemetery of Sta. Agnes, had it been discovered before the time of Raffaele, might have subjected the Divine Painter to the suspicion of deriving inspiration from it for the Moses in his own series in the Loggia. The correspondence is here even stronger than in that figure to which Massaccio is believed to have lent no mean influence; while others bear no slight resemblance to the sweet, spiritual, single figures of the school of Memmi, or the more chastened personifications of Fra Beato himself.

That the artist should be a pious and worthy man was an opinion entertained by many who believed that to ensure success in the representation of sacred themes they should be executed by ecclesiastics and holy men. The same views were expressed to me by Overbeck at Rome in

1842; and that distinguished painter even went so far as to state his belief that Art was profaned when employed on any but a religious subject.

Whether Christian worship or feeling necessarily required or felt indispensable to it, the absolute and sensible representation of religious objects was, I believe, held by many to be a consideration of individual sense of devotion. Authority at length, in the seventh century, interfered, and the Council of Constantinople was obliged to correct the abuse of Allegory, in order, we are informed, to give a check where the representation of Christ was concerned—a subject on which it was thought the Greek mind would endlessly refine. "It is worthy of remark," says M. Rio, "that the Fathers of the Council were not less orthodox on the subject of Art than in other respects." The students of this institution will do well to reflect on the remark of this Council, that "they wished Grace to be united with Truth." Had this Council consisted of professional artists, it could not have propounded a sounder principle.

The political and religious events of the age soon wrought their impress on the arts through the agencies supplied by some of the newly established religious orders. Of these, the Franciscan and Dominican were most conspicuous. It is remarkable that these orders, distinguished for such opposite views and habits, should have furnished occupation to two men whose natures at first sight appear so much in contrast with the themes which they were called upon to execute.

Giotto, the active-minded student, so powerful in the enunciation of truth of dramatic action, strength of passion, and vigor of color, had to treat the acts and contemplative character of the poor and humble St. Francis.

The spiritual, pathetic, quiet, unobtrusive Angelico engaged himself in the illustration of the restless, impassioned, declamatory nature of St. Dominic.

This apparent inconsistency between the nature of the artist and the theme on which he was engaged will be better understood on reflection, when we must acknowledge that a tranquil current of common sense in accordance with the known history of St. Francis, pervades the demonstrative capacity of Giotto; while the declamatory vocation of the Dominican order found its sympathetic representation in those burning, breathing, expressions, and in that strength of the pathetic sense, which distinguish the various personages in the eloquent pictures of the Dominican-monk painter, Fra Angelico.

Of the various religious orders, the Dominican has probably furnished the largest number of artists. This was an order consisting chiefly of men sprung from the upper classes of society, and endowed with superior intelligence. From their ranks have proceeded painters, sculptors, and architects, who lent their aid in the production of many most useful and permanent works, not merely in Italy, but in other countries; and the number of these artists is so considerable that the well-known work of Marchese is exclusively devoted to the record of their labors. With these, Art was, as I have said, a religious exercise. The intervals between the services of the chapel were occupied by the monk in the pursuit of his Art-studies, the illumination of his service-book, the design for a basilica, baptistery, or bridge, or the composition of an antiphonal; and when he returned from singing the mass in the choir of his own church, it was but to resume his occupation on the picture or the illuminated service-book which was to assist in its enrichment. His faith stimulated him in its production, for it was the main object that impelled him to the exercise of his powers. His professional was

subordinated to his religious enthusiasm, for he considered that the talents with which he was endowed were only given him in trust, and restricted in their application to one great end, the service of his religion. He came to the exercise of his diurnal labor with humility and fasting, and even bedewed with his tears the subject on which he was employed, invoking the Divine aid, that when completed it might be deemed an acceptable oblation, and serve at the same time as a grateful acknowledgment of the superior talents with which he had been endowed.

* * * * * The profession of Fine Art was in strict accordance with the spirit of his religious profession; he acknowledged its power to be most worthily applied when exercised in the service of the Church, when he could be the means of supplying symbolic personifications to arrest the attention of the devotee, and guard his orisons from the intrusion of mundane circumstance, or when through its agency he could instruct the uninformed mind by means of the pictured realization of Divine revelation or Scripture history. Shut out from the artifices of the world and many of the adventitious circumstances in more recent times disadvantageously attendant on the painter's studio, his life was of that independent nature which is indispensable to the production of any excellence. His paramount responsibility as an artist was, as I have said, to his Church—the vital absorbing principle that controlled his efforts.

Outside the cloister the spiritual influence was no less potent. The Church imposed restrictions on the lay cultivators of Art no less than on the ecclesiastics. Perpetual supervision was exercised from a critical inspection of the first cartoon, during the progress of the picture—to its completion, and even extended to an occasional control over the very materials employed in its production.

From the first forms of pictorial expression in the Basilica at Asisi until the completion of the Stanze of the Vatican, the same principle of absolute ecclesiastical government, and the same quality of passive obedience in the artist, characterize the system.

We have thus explained the reason of the spiritual air that breathes out of nearly all artistic presentments in the range between these periods, and we can now understand why so little effort was made to obtain superiority in technical particular; for, as we have seen, the necessity of subordinating material aids was stringently enforced by the Church, and too great an attention to mere imitation was held to be unworthy of the sacred theme, and to interfere with its dignity and holiness.

* * * * * There is one picture, however, which I cannot omit to name for the influence it exercised over the labors of some of the greatest men. I refer to that fresco by Massaccio in the Church of the Carmine at Florence, "The Miracle of the Boy restored to Life by St. Peter." Massaccio it was who burst all previous bonds by combining a variety of resources in a single composition. In this fresco there is a union of excellence that surprises as much for its intention as for the time of its production. Individuality, character, dignity, expression, drawing, color, light and shade, perceptive and relief, are all combined in this remarkable work. As Dante had previously given directions to the artistic mind in subliming aspiration by symbolic and spiritualizing agencies, so in another direction, with the aids of scientific appliance, the example here given by Massaccio in the Carmine more powerfully controlled most of the master-spirits of an after time in the realistic developments that constituted the attractions of near a century. Prominent in its relief from the numerous exemplifications of sacred theme, executed before this period, for the possession of an union of

qualities which before this had only separate existence in different styles, with a fascinating power of reality, aided by its architectural enrichment and perspective knowledge, it is not difficult to understand why, when the historical had supplanted the doctrinal view, and with the artistic sensibilities eager in the pursuit of the most complete forms of pictorial expression, that this picture should have become the model—an Academy—indeed for study. The most distinguished in after times sought knowledge at this source, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raffaele among the number—the latter of whom disdained not to derive advantage from Masolino, the master, as well as from Massaccio, the scholar.

You will, I think, be interested in learning what aspect the city of Florence wore in those days, when the Brancacci Chapel was thronged by so many distinguished persons eager to elicit principles from this picture of Massaccio, on which their future reputations were to be founded. The goldsmith's or working jeweller's shop (*bottega*), such as it still exists in that city, was the school in which were made the preliminary studies of the artist. Here were caught the earliest inspirations of the masters of Michael Angelo and Leonardo. Here the priest, watching the progress, gossiped and whiled away his hour among the men of Art, nourishing tastes which developed with his ecclesiastic advancement, and which he would hereafter gratify in the adornment of his altar or his church. In these shops received their education mighty artists, who raised fortress-like palaces with massive rusticated basements and grand overhanging cornices, constructed spacious arcades, threw bridges over rivers, raised fountains, designed fantastic and elegant metalwork, carved marble or glazed terra cotta models to resemble it, painted in frescoes or in tempera—where the same artist not only subscribed himself the professor of the three Arts—Architecture, Sculpture and Painting—but wrote Goldsmith as well under his other performances, and was successful also in courting the other muses, as some of their poetry and music still "bear witness for them." Such was then the artistic atmosphere of Florence, the republic of Art as of Politics or Letters—such the genial soil in which every Art took root, blossomed and flourished.

* * * * * I have hitherto exclusively devoted myself to the consideration of some leading circumstances in the most important practice of the best Italian masters, with whom the higher attributes, and the fundamental principles of our Art, are exhibited in their greatest comprehensiveness and beauty.

Very rarely in the chiefest of these masters do we observe the imitative capacities of Art—a subject which engaged us in my first Lecture, occupy any prominent or undue share of our attention. Such imitation was by them regarded only in the nature of a language. By these great artists it was considered as a means—rarely as an end. In few of their works is our attention divided by the consideration of the degree to which special truth has been imitated—rarely in their works do the representations of facts divide our attention or distract it from the theme. Neither are there to be discerned those egotistical displays made to court our admiration for the artist's own personal ability. It is to the introduction of these lower elements of the painter's craft that are to be assigned some of the reasons of the decline of powers, that long had almost the exclusive privilege of instructing and improving the minds as well as of increasing the religious devotion of the then most civilized portion of the human race.

THE arts cannot long exist without the advent of Freedom.—*Landor.*

A DREAM.

I DREAMED that thro' the air,
Half swooning to another land I came;
A world unknown it was, without a name;
It held nor joy, nor care.

Like a calm ocean floor,
Which the wind stirs not, nor the trembling star
E'er drops its silver light, there stretched afar
A plain without a shore.

And on the plain was spread,
White, cold and motionless; without complaint,
Or sigh, or look of woe, or murmur faint—
The unbaptized dead.

No day, no night had they;
Twilight, without its hopes of sun, or moon—
And the vague mist from some unseen lagoon,
Hung over them for aye.

Tho' life was there in part,
Silence for ever, like a frozen bird,
Spread her congenial wings, and never heard
The beating of a heart.

And one I knew was there;
For thro' the lids I saw her eyes below,
Like violets covered with untimely snow—
I knew her golden hair.

Oh! pale and voiceless dove!
Her mother's tears lay on her cheek, alas!
And on her brow, like breath upon a glass—
The last, last kiss of love!

I could nor weep, nor pray—
My tongue refused to speak her sainted name—
When lifted upwards like a struggling flame
I reached, and bless'd, the day.
June, 1854. *Milwaukee Daily Sentinel.*

We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced in some way or other, to live where we do not choose, and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present state of society, this is in a great measure unavoidable; but let us remember it is an *evil*, and that so far as it is avoidable it becomes our duty to check the impulse. * * * It is surely a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, in attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a house in which to live and die—a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which, being enough for all our wishes at that period, we should resolve to be satisfied with for ever. Consider this, and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born; and striving so to live, that our sons, and our sons' sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying, "Look, this was his house; this was his chamber."—*Ruskin.*

It hath been well observed, that the arts which flourish in times while virtue is in growth, are military; and while virtue is in state, are liberal; and while virtue is in declination, are voluptuary.—*Bacon.*